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## SONTAG AND MALIBRAN.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

IN France and England, but especially England, composers, singers, and operatic managers work habitually in hostile pairs. We have almost always had two Italian operas in London, though it has never been easy to make either one of them pay. When Bach's music first came to England, an attempt was made to crush it by means of Handel's; while the partisans of Bach felt in duty bound to retaliate by maintaining that, weighed by the side of the contriver of fugues, the great composer of oratorios was of no moment whatever. Handel, again, by all accounts, thought very little of Gluck, and placed him, as regards a knowledge of counterpoint, a little lower than his cook. Gluck, as every one knows, was pitted at Paris against Piccini, and it is equally notorious that Buononcini was forced at London into rivalry with Handel, to whom, according to some, he was "scarcely fit to hold a candle," though others maintained that Handel compared to Buononcini, was "little better than a ninny." When Faustina was delighting half London by her singing, the other half could see no merit in it whatever, and had ears only for Cuzzoni, whom the admirers of Faustina declared to be a most imperfect vocalist. At a later period all musical Paris was divided into two camps by the irreconcilable claims of Madame Mara and Mdle. Tosi, each of whom was put forward by her set of devotees as the one great singer of the day.

Quarrels about singers assume generally a much more vivacious form than quarrels about composers; for in the one case the question turns upon principles of art, in the other to a great extent on personal charms. As Faustina to Cuzzoni, as Mara to Tosi, so through the absurdity of operatic controversialists was Malibran to Sontag. Sontag has been accused by hostile critics of singing too much in the style of an instrumentalist; though a perfect instrumentalist, like a perfect vocalist, must assuredly show feeling. Some ill-bred person is said on one occasion to have introduced to Mdle. Sontag a skilful flute-player, and to have said to her after the flautist had performed some very elaborate variations: "*Ecco il tuo rivale.*"

Sontag, in any case, moved the feelings of her audience; and still stronger was the effect she produced on the hearts of her private hearers. When she was singing at Vienna during the height of her success in the first period of her career, Lord Clanwilliam, the English Ambassador, became so much attached to her, and pursued her so persistently wherever she went, that to indicate his habit of following "Sontag," people called him Lord "Montag." In obedience to the general law which seems to govern the fate of prime donne, Sontag married brilliantly; though it cannot be affirmed with any certainty that she married happily. A native of Coblenz, born in 1805, she appeared at an early age with the most brilliant success at Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London. At Vienna, in 1823, she sang the principal part in Weber's beautiful opera of *Euryanthe*, which, by many of its melodious phrases, suggests the affinity that certainly existed between the genius of Weber and that of Wagner; and she soon afterwards appeared at the Théâtre Italien of Paris, as Rosina, in the *Barber of Seville*, this being the first occasion of her singing in the Italian language. On hearing her, Catalani is said to have made the ingenious but possibly not truthful remark,—"Elle est la première de son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier." Contemporary chroniclers record with admiration the fact that she received as salary £2,000 a year. A vocalist of first renown earns in the present day £20,000.

The most interesting event in Madame Sontag's life is her marriage. The French, little acquainted with the fortune of the prima donna in England, where from the earliest times,

dukes, marquises, and earls, have eagerly sought her hand, were startled by the news that the singer they adored had received an offer from an Italian nobleman, who was not only a count, but the ambassador of his government in foreign parts. Count Rossi, Madame Sontag's favoured admirer, was the representative of Sardinia at Frankfort, capital of the now extinct Germanic Confederation, where he was the *doyen* or oldest member of the diplomatic body. In our own time a prima donna may marry any number of ambassadors (Miss Victoria Balfe for instance, became the wife first of Sir John Crampton, English ambassador at St. Petersburg, and afterwards of the Duke de Frias, Spanish ambassador at Paris); and our readers are aware that in the infant days of opera, marriage with a first-class nobleman was, in England at least, the ordinary termination of a prima donna's career. On the continent, however, men of many quarterings hesitated, and were made to hesitate, before contracting marriage with a woman recommended by nothing but her genius, her beauty and possibly her virtue; and there was much talk and infinite speculation as to the relations between Count Rossi and Mademoiselle Sontag before their marriage was actually celebrated. To make things pleasant for his favourite vocalist and prepare her gradually for the exalted position to which she was to be raised, the King of Prussia ennobled Mademoiselle Sontag by the name and title of Mademoiselle de Lauenstein.

The brilliant prima donna was now worthy of being married, even to a Sardinian count. But still her friends, those at least of the artistic world, could not believe that she would desert them and forsake her art in order to become an ambassadress. The situation inspired Scribe with the idea of a lyrical drama, which Auber set to music, and which was brought out at the Opéra Comique under the title of *L'Ambassadrice*. In this work the artistic heroine is represented as on the point of becoming the wife of a great nobleman; when, at the last moment, disgusted at the prejudices and the obstacles thrown in the way of the marriage, she tears up the permission to marry, obtained, after much delay, from the king, and, taking an abrupt farewell of her would-be husband, returns impulsively to the lyric stage.

As a matter of fact, Mademoiselle Sontag did forsake the Opera, and did marry an ambassador. Eighteen years afterwards, however, in the revolutionary year of 1848, she was obliged to return to the stage. Sardinia had been ruined by Carlo Alberto's brave but unsuccessful contest with Austria; and with Sardinia fell Count Rossi, one of its most important public functionaries. The countess entered into negotiations with Mr. Lumley, then manager of Her Majesty's Theatre; and in 1849, she re-appeared, with striking success, on the scene of many triumphs in her earlier days. Madame Sontag's new career lasted but six years. From Europe she crossed the Atlantic to America, where her agitated existence was brought to a painful end by cholera.

At least as successful as Sontag in her artistic triumphs and quite as unfortunate in her untimely death was Malibran, Sontag's contemporary, and naturally, therefore, rival; from all accounts one of the most *spirituelle*, poetical and impassioned of singers.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF A MUSICAL PHRASE ATTEMPTED.

A Sketch by Sir GEORGE GROVE.

(Continued from page 54.)

This however does not exhaust the occurrence of our phrase in the *Lobgesang*. We have yet to discover with how very deep a meaning these simple notes can be charged in the hands of a master. In that most dramatic scene, "Watchman, what

of the night?"—a scene which is now well-known to have been an afterthought, inserted in November, 1840, after the two first performances at Leipzig and Birmingham—the most prominent passage is surely, if I may be allowed to urge the opinion, a modification of the florid form of the phrase; a very artistic one no doubt, but still a modification, and quite within the bounds allowable in the "metamorphosis" of themes. We may see how, even so far back as Handel and Bach (Nos. 199, 200), our theme could be varied by the introduction of notes: we have elsewhere seen it modified by changes of time, and in the duration of its component notes. Why should not metamorphosis of the intervals be also allowable? Indeed, Handel and Mendelssohn have already made such a change in the instances quoted as Nos. 71, 187*a*, and 187*b*. Why may not a further progress in the same direction be allowed? That the Watchman's enquiry is too spontaneous in expression to be a mere development of so archaic a phrase is hardly a valid objection, for what can be more spontaneous than such occurrences of the phrase as Handel's "and triumph over death" (No. 66)? Or than Mendelssohn's own beautiful use of it in its simplest form in *Elijah*, "for their hands shall support and keep thee" (No. 202)? What more fraught with emotion, than the extract from the ghost scene in *Alexander's Feast*, "and unburied remain" (No. 71)? But to return to the *Lobgesang*. I am speaking of the earnest and moving enquiry:—

No. 191.

Watch-man, will the night soon pass?

Here the modified and unusual intervals of the phrase, its threefold repetition—a note\* higher each time, as the suspense of the questioner increases, and the beautiful instrumentation, all combine to make this passage one of the most striking possible. It is also striking as being an extreme instance of metamorphosis of the florid form of our phrase.

The first sketch of this remarkable passage is to be found in the first movement of the third Organ Sonata in A (*con moto maestoso*) at the change to the minor:—

No. 192.

&c.

the phrase itself being afterwards, in working, modified into:—

No. 193.

and

In the opening of the *con moto* (major) of Sonata 3, the simple form of the phrase was employed:—

No. 194.

Clar. 2. Clar. 1. &c.

but when the major returns at the close, the more intense and artistic form is substituted for it.

The florid form occurs again in the favourite hymn for soprano solo and chorus, "Hear my prayer. O God." This beautiful work, composed for voices and organ, though afterwards scored by its author at the request of Mr. Joseph Robinson of Dublin, is dated

\* The same thing occurs in Bach's *Matthew Passion*, where the chorus "Let Him be crucified" is repeated half a note higher, with increase of urgency.

January 25, 1844. It contains an example of the florid form in the second movement, which begins as follows:—

No. 195.

Solo Chorus  
The en - e - my shout-eth, The en - e - my shout-eth.

The phrase is repeated and alternated between the solo voices and chorus, but can hardly be said to be developed, though there is a change of interval in the repetitions, which if not charged with the intense feeling of the "Watchman" passage, is still interesting:—

No. 196.

Solo Chorus. Solo. &c.  
The en - e - my shout-eth, The en - e - my shout-eth the god-less come fast.

Before we relinquish the florid form of the phrase which Mendelssohn has treated with such feeling and imagination, it may be well to notice two passages in the *Credo* of the Mass in G of Weber (1786-1826), which appear to be formed from it. The Mass was written in January, 1819.

The simpler of the two passages is quoted first:—

No. 197.

De - um de De - o Lu - men de lu - mi - ne.

The second is more artificial:—

No. 198.

Et in u - num Dom-i-num, Dom-i-num Je - sum Chris - tum.

But there can be little doubt as to its origin. It is not more artificial than the following passage from Bach's Mass in B minor:—

No. 199.

Con - fi - te - or, con-fi - te - or.

or this again, from Handel's *Utrecht Jubilate*:—

No. 200.

O go your way in - to His gates.

and yet each of these is obviously a mere extension of the old phrase. But to return to Mendelssohn.

*Lauda Sion* (or *Praise Jehovah*) was written for a church festival at Liège, on June 11, 1846, and the MS. bears the date of February 10 in that year. It is a setting of the words of the old Latin hymn:—

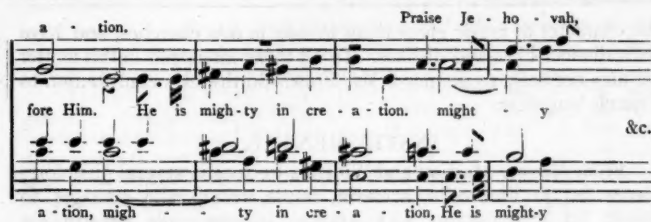
Lauda Sion salvatorem,  
Lauda ducem et pastorem,  
In hymnis et canticis;

and the music is throughout based more or less on the proper Church melody of the hymn (given most accurately in the chorus, "They that through"). Our phrase occurs in the opening chorus—four parts, with full orchestral accompaniment—as the second subject, to the words "He is mighty," and starts thus; the first subject being introduced almost simultaneously with the second one:—

No. 201.

He is migh - ty in cre - a - tion, might - y in cre -  
praise Je - ho - vah, bow be - fore Him  
Praise Je - ho - vah, bow be -  
He migh - ty in cre -





Further quotation is not necessary.

(To be continued.)

# GLEANINGS FROM ROBERT SCHUMANN'S YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

By MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

(Continued from page 52.)

During the whole of the latter portion of his stay at Heidelberg, i.e., after his return from Italy, Schumann was evidently thoroughly alive to the fact that he was gradually drifting farther and farther away from jurisprudence, although he palpably shirked the necessity of attending the family conclave, and vainly endeavoured to summon up sufficient strength of mind to finally demolish the fond hopes cherished by his mother and guardian of his ultimate adoption of a profession against which his soul declared open revolt. His letters of this period are filled with piteous accounts of the straits to which he is reduced by his monetary difficulties, but, as a rule, preserve a diplomatic silence on the subject of his "bread-study."

He first betrays himself in a letter to his brother, whom he addresses in English as his "beloved bookseller, Charles," and somewhat naively regrets the compulsory devotion of *two hours* daily to Thibaut and Mittermayer. He speaks more openly to his mother in a letter dated July 1, 1830:—"If you would like a little picture of my life, I send it to you willingly. The only light winter's frost that rests on my day is jurisprudence. Otherwise all is sunshine, and everything gleams with light and gladness like dew pearls on flowers. Youth is not to be counted by years. The right sort of people are always young—like you,\* and the poets. My idyll is simplicity's self, and is embodied in music, poetry, and jurisprudence. Poetry should always surround life, as brilliant, cutting diamonds are set in gold.

"I rise very early, from 4 to 7. I work from 7 to 9 at the piano; then to Thibaut. In the afternoon, college alternates with English and Italian lessons and reading, and in the evening I go amongst men and nature.

"I am quite conscious that I am not a practical mortal, which is really nobody's fault but Heaven's, which has bestowed upon me that fatal gift of imagination to tint the dark hues of the future with rose colour. That I should like to become a great lawyer you may easily believe, and interest and endeavour are not wanting. That I shall never distinguish myself is not my fault, but has, in a manner, been born of circumstances and perhaps of my heart, which has always objected to speaking Latin. Chance, and if Heaven wills, good luck will sometime lift the veil which darkly hides my future.

"Thibaut never excites my enthusiasm for jurisprudence, and there is not the making of a good official in me. A lawyer perforce, and against the grain, will never be a great one. These are my views, which I cannot disguise from you. I have countless plans, should some come to grief. . . ."

Paganini's appearance in Frankfort was hardly announced before Schumann rushed off, accompanied by his friend Töpken, to hear this phenomenal artist, whose marvellous performance kindled Schumann's warmest enthusiasm, and thrilled his impressionable heart to the core. A lasting testimony of his admiration remains in a pianoforte arrangement of several of Paganini's *Caprices*.

Schumann's next letter to his mother was probably mainly inspired by the impetus given to his musical ambition by Paganini's dazzling example, and contained the fateful announcement of his

final determination to abandon his legal studies, while he for the first time boldly declared his firm and unalterable intention of adopting an artistic career. All traces of indecision had disappeared and were replaced by a thinly-veiled tone of exultation at his emancipation from the mental shackles imposed by his mother and guardian. "July 30, 1830, 5 a.m. Good morning, Mama! How shall I picture my happiness at this moment to you? The coffee-pot bubbles and boils, and the sky is deliciously pure and golden—the whole spirit of the morning rushes in fresh and life-giving. And then your letter lies before me, in which a whole treasure of affection, intelligence, and virtue is stored. My cigar tastes excellently. In short, the world is at times very beautiful—if one could always get up early enough. There is plenty of sunshine and blue sky in my life here, but I have lost my *cicerone*—Rosen. Two other good friends of mine, brothers, left a week ago for Italy. So I am often alone, very miserable, or very happy—just as it happens. Every young man would rather be without a sweetheart than without a friend. Moreover, when I think of myself sometimes I get into a fever. *My whole life has been a twenty years' struggle between poetry and prose*—or call it music and law.

"My aim was equally high in practical life and in art. In practical life my ideal was practical achievement, and the hope of being able to enter the legal lists with some chance of gaining a prize, and eventually entering an extended arena. But what opening is there, especially in Saxony, for a *bourgeois* without money or influence—without even a taste for legal straw-splitting and quibbling?

"In Leipzig I allowed myself to drift dreamily down the stream, achieving nothing. *Here* I have worked more, but there, and here, I have always felt myself drawn closer and closer to art. Now I stand where the cross roads meet, tormented by the question 'Whither.'

"Whither?

"If I follow my genius it points to art, and, I think, the right road.

"But no really—don't be offended, and I only whisper it softly and lovingly—it has seemed to me as if you barred the way. Of course you had your thoroughly nice motherly reasons for this, which I also recognized, and which you and I called 'doubtful future' and 'uncertain bread.' But what is to be done now? There can be no more torturing thought than for a man to feel that he has doomed himself to an unhappy, dead, empty future.

"At the same time it is no easy task to adopt a career in direct opposition to all one's early inculcations and intentions, and demands patience, confidence, and quick preparation. My imagination is still in its youth to worship and cultivate art. I have also aimed at a complete certainty of my vocation, and am convinced that with work and patience, and under good masters, I shall be able in about six years to compete with any pianist. Pianoforte playing mainly requires mechanism and digital dexterity. Here and there I possess imagination, and perhaps a certain amount of creative power. And now comes the question—one or the other? For only one *great* thing can be accomplished in life. I can only reply to myself, 'Choose the right, and with application and determination I shall reach the top of the tree.' I am more eager than ever in this struggle, my good mother. Sometimes I am madly elate with confidence in my powers, at others doubting, when I think of the steep, stony path of difficulties which I might have already conquered, and which still lies before me.

"If I stick to law, I should positively have to stay here another winter to hear Thibaut on the pandects. If I stick to music, I must at once return to Leipzig. Wieck, whom I thoroughly trust, who knows me, and estimates my powers justly, would then take me in hand. Later I should have to go to Vienna for a year, and, if possible, to Moscheles. Now a request, my good mother, which you may perhaps willingly fulfil—write to Wieck, and ask him, as a matter of fact, what he thinks of my project, my powers, and my chances of success. If you like, enclose this letter to him. . . . There should be no time lost. . . ."

And the appalled mother lost no time in forwarding this letter, which, with all its tender and almost womanly consideration, breathed so fixed and unalterable a decision. She wrote at once to Wieck on the receipt of the news of Schumann's revolt:—"Honoured Sir,—At my son's request, I venture to seek your advice on the subject of

\* Schumann might well have been credited with an intimate acquaintance with the far-famed "blarney-stone."

this beloved son's prospects in life. Tremblingly, and with intense anxiety, I ask your opinion of the plan contained in Robert's letter, which I enclose. They are not my views, and I acknowledge openly that I am extremely uneasy about his future. *So much* is necessary to distinguish oneself sufficiently in this art\* to be able to earn one's bread by it. There have been so many great artists before him,† and even should his talent prove so very remarkable, it is always uncertain whether he will have success, and be able to enjoy a secured future. He has studied for three years, and has spent a great, great deal. And now when I thought he would soon reach the goal, I see him taking a step which will make it necessary for him to commence all over again.

"And even then, when he has conquered all the new difficulties, his little property will have been spent, and he will be entirely dependent upon applause, and doubtful success.

"Oh, I cannot describe to you how sad and depressed I am when I think of Robert's future. He is a good creature, gifted with intelligence and powers that others have to laboriously acquire, a not disagreeable appearance, enough capital to support himself decently, or until he should be in a position to acquire more, and now he wants to jump into a profession which he should have entered ten years ago.

"Honoured Sir, if you are a father yourself, you will feel that my anxiety is not groundless. My other three sons are entirely against Robert's plan, and press me to withhold my consent. But still I do not want to force him against his will. It is no sinecure, after three wasted years, to begin again as an apprentice, and risk his few remaining thalers on such an uncertainty. Upon your verdict everything depends—the peace of a loving mother, the whole happiness in life of a young inexperienced being who only exists in higher spheres, and will not enter into practical life. I know that you love music—do not let that feeling plead for Robert, but consider his age, his means, his powers, and his future. I beg, I implore you as a husband, a father, and a friend of my son's, act like an honest man, and tell us candidly and openly what he has to fear, and what he has to hope . . . . ."

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### VOCAL.

We have received two songs from Mr. J. Williams, both of more than average merit. "Recollections," by C. Bernard Gilbert, is a thoroughly effective song, showing a sincere desire on the part of the composer to give to the words an appropriate musical rendering; while "More and more," by William A. Aikin, a song of somewhat simpler character, is marked by unmistakable musical feeling, and excellently harmonized.

Messrs. Marriott & Williams send "For merrie, merrie England," by Dr. William Spark, a song in which highly patriotic sentiments are wedded to fairly characteristic music. "Love's Vigil," a serenade by Gerald M. Lane, has a tuneful waltz refrain which should secure for it popularity. In "Cousin Harry," by Thomas Hunter, the composer's gift of melody labours under a disadvantage. No useful purpose is served by constantly reiterating expressions of wonder at the sort of verses deliberately chosen by composers of some modern songs, but in this instance the words reach a depth of silliness remarkable even in the present day. "Round tree and bush" (same publishers) is a taking duet in canon for two equal voices, by Walter van Noorden.

The Rev. Brown-Borthwick has published a little volume of "Hymn-Tunes for Congregational and Private Use," which are melodious and flowing without detriment to the devotional element, a consideration not always sufficiently attended to in this class of compositions. Among the signs of a general increase of musical taste may be noted the fact that congregations are no longer indifferent to

the character of music given them to sing in our churches, and have their distinct likes and dislikes. To all those interested in this matter we may cordially recommend Mr. Brown-Borthwick's contribution to Church hymnody.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

From Messrs. Marriott and Williams we receive several pianoforte pieces by J. Trousselle, a clever, fertile writer, who manages to invest his compositions with musical interest while nevertheless keeping executive difficulties within the limits required by players in a moderately advanced stage of proficiency. His themes, if not of striking originality, are always well and conveniently treated, and calculated, when well rendered, to give pleasure by reason of their musicianly qualities. Of two Ballades sent us, in A and B minor respectively, the former is of most harmonious character; the latter a spirited "Allegro con fuoco," and both possess sterling qualities. We also have three specimens from a set of twelve characteristic pieces by the same composer—"Fairy Tale," "The Rivulet," and "Romance in E," all of which are marked in various degrees by similar favourable characteristics. "Wild Winds," by Powis Houlst, is a theme with variations. The latter are modern in style, and will be found to be not so difficult as they look, the whole making a flourishing, effective piece. Nocturne No. 1 in B minor, by Whewall Bowling, is a composition of higher class, requiring for its proper interpretation gifts of imagination rather than unusual executive skill on the part of the performer.

*The Organist's Quarterly Journal* for January (Novello, Ewer, & Co.) well sustains its reputation by an excellent selection of pieces for that instrument, of varying degrees of length, by H. M. Higgs, Edward Cutler, J. Allanson Benson, C. F. Abdy Williams, and Warwick Jordan.

### A MUSICAL MISER.

(From the "New York World.")

The contest over the missing will of the miser, James Henry Paine, who died one year ago in a miserable little attic in this city, was resumed before Surrogate Rollins yesterday. The same listless faces which have been present at the hearing of the hum-drum testimony, as the case has dragged on from day to day, were suddenly beaming with the liveliest interest, when during the afternoon it became known that the stakes in the race were to be counted by hundreds of thousands instead of thousands, and that the winning man would be enriched for life. The secreted money-bags of the miser had at last been found, and a property of nearly one-half a million of dollars hinged on the contest.

It is rarely that a more romantic story is heard, than that which was told before the Surrogate yesterday, "Old Miser Paine's" history, and the story of his miserable end, have already been told in the *World*, and its readers will remember that Paine was a grand-nephew of Robert Treat Paine, who signed the Declaration of Independence, a member of one of Massachusetts's oldest families, well bred and educated. On the 23rd of December last he died in the attic of No. 177, Bleecker Street, half starved, half clothed and half crazy. He had been estranged from his family for years, and was buried almost by charity. He had lived nearly a quarter of a century by begging what he ate and what he wore. Yet not very long before his death, his brother, Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, had said: "James ought to be worth 250,000 dols. at the least in his own right. What has become of it?" This question has puzzled many a head since, and this is what Charles F. Chickering, the rich piano manufacturer, answered yesterday.

"I knew James Henry Paine for years before he died. I was brought into communication with him often through his love for music. He was an expert musical critic, and this poor old miser had at his tongue's end a wealth of inexhaustible information. But, though I had heard that he was popularly supposed to have some money hidden away somewhere, I never really knew anything about it. One day at the close of the sixties he came into my office with a bundle in his hand. This is the bundle," pointing to the package beside him. "It was about a foot long, and six or eight inches wide. It was wrapped up in an ordinary brown paper, and tied with an ordinary string. On the outside was carefully bound up an old green handkerchief. He asked me if he could leave it in my possession, and I answered, yes. I told him I would put it in my safe. He objected to this, and asked me if I had a private safe at home which none of my employees ever opened. I said yes again, and he carelessly replied that he would like me to place it there.

"I took the bundle and locked it up, scarcely ever giving the matter a thought again. Once, years afterwards, I met him in the street, and we were talking about Von Bülow, the pianist, who had recently arrived

\* Music.

† Frau Schumann was clearly no believer in the theory of everlasting progress.



in the country. Suddenly he interrupted me, and asked me if that bundle was all right. I said certainly, and he didn't allude to it again. In fact, I think he never spoke of it again during his life.

"The little old green bundle remained hidden away in the safe, gathering dust, and forgotten for years. After the old man's death, I remembered the package, and took it out of its hiding-place one day to see if it contained anything worth keeping. I had supposed it held nothing more than some old musical papers, and carelessly untied the string. Tearing open one corner, I caught sight of a roll of bank-bills. It seemed to me, in the hasty glimpse I caught of them, that they must amount to many thousands of dollars. I tied the handkerchief together quickly, and took the next train for Boston, to see Robert Treat Paine, who, I thought, was the nearest living relative. He said that there were nearer heirs-at-law than he, and he named the Claggetts of that city. On the 1st of March, in the presence of Sumner and Charles Claggett, and my attorney, Mr. Swift, we opened the packet. Gold and silver dollars, bank notes by the thousand, certificates of stock and scrip, rolled out upon the table. The little old green handkerchief for nearly twenty years had closely guarded treasure amounting to something over 400,000 dollars. About 14,000 dollars has become outlawed: the 40,000 dollars which the certificates represented has been paid up to me, as administrator, by the Metropolitan Bank; the remainder of the money is worth its full face value. There is more property, which is not yet collected."

### Occasional Notes.

The notices which our daily contemporaries have devoted to Gilbert and Sullivan's new operetta will be something of a puzzle to the intelligent foreigner and others not admitted to the inner circle. All papers agree in treating the event as one of first importance, and the articles vary from a column to a column and a half of small print. Most of the critics also opine,—and who endowed with the most moderate acumen of judgment could doubt?—that the weakness of the joint production lies in the libretto, more especially in the second act of that libretto.

On this point it will be interesting to quote a few parallel extracts. *The Times*, somewhat in the Thunderer's mood, is the most outspoken of all:—"The fundamental idea of the new play, like all Mr. Gilbert's ideas, is extremely good. . . . But Mr. Gilbert has spoilt his own idea by a mistake so obvious that one observes it with surprise in a dramatist so experienced, albeit never famous for his plots. Instead of one baronet he gives us two. The horror at his own crimes, which Mr. Rutland Barrington as Sir Despard Murgatroyd has felt in the first act, Mr. Grossmith feels in the second, having been compelled to resume the loathed dignity which for twenty years he has escaped by his sudden disappearance and retirement to a fishing village in the disguise of Robin Oakapple, an honest farmer. The consequence is, that the fun which is kept alive in the first act runs completely dry in the second, which is long and tedious, and winds up with an anti-climax of inanity, at which, as we remarked before, even some of the devoutest Savoy worshippers drew the line."

*The Daily Telegraph* expresses the same sentiment a little more politely when it writes: "But the device which again reanimates the portraits, and, by casuistic reasoning, proves that the ancestors never ought to have died at all, and, therefore, are not dead—this involves a situation which no humour redeems from the charge of clumsiness and exaggeration. Mr. Gilbert has aforesaid not been happy in the dénouement of his works. Here we venture to say that he is particularly weak, and it will surprise us much if the disapprobation expressed on Saturday night by a portion of the audience do not echo throughout the, doubtless, long run awaiting *Ruddygore*."

*The Standard* on the other hand, which exceeds its contemporaries in the length of its notice, fails to observe any

weakness in plot or music, and the *Morning Post* shares the admiration of the Tory organ, drawing the line only at the want of respect with which the upper classes are treated. "Many of the 'higher placed' among the audience," it remarked, "did not recognize the caricature, and so, missing the point of the whole thing, were not inclined to consider it successful."

But the *Daily News*, perhaps for a similar reason, seems to have spent the evening in a state of absolute beatitude. It contains two separate articles, one dealing with the operetta, the other (in larger type) with the "swells" who were present and the pretty frocks worn by their wives and daughters. Of the dissident voices it has nothing to say, and a glowing notice finds its climax in the following sentence: "When the curtain fell all the artists, the author, the conductor, and the manager were called to the front, and hearty cheering announced another Savoy success."

Curiously enough, the New York correspondent of the same journal, dating his telegram on Sunday, states that all the papers of that city give full and special accounts of the first performance of *Ruddygore*, and that "all give the impression more or less distinct that the work is not a success." How, will the aforesaid puzzled foreigner ask, was this impression arrived at? and why were the hisses, so distinctly re-echoed from Printing House Square, and even across the Atlantic, inaudible at Bouverie Street?

The aspiring amateur is becoming more and more enterprising, and following the example of the professional musician, he clamours for "organization." The following paragraph, which appeared in an evening contemporary, will be read with horror and delight in various quarters:—"There is a large demand for philanthropic amateurs (not the same thing as amateur philanthropists) in the East-end of London, and there is a large supply of philanthropic amateurs in the north, south, and west; but there has hitherto been no recognized mechanism for bringing the demand into relation with the supply. To meet this want, a 'Recreative Registry' has been started, with Lord Brabazon for its chairman, and Mr. Barnett, the Bishop of Bedford, Viscountess Folkestone, and Mr. Walter Besant on its council. Amateur singers, actors, reciters, owners of magic lanterns, designers of *tableaux vivants*, and all other persons whatsoever who are able and willing to contribute in any way to the recreation of the toiling millions, are invited to pay a fee of one shilling, and have their names registered, while a yearly subscription of five shillings entitles those who are in search of amateur talent to be placed in communication with such of the enlisted volunteers as they deem desirable. Should the receipts do more than cover the expenses of printing, advertising, postage, &c., the surplus is to be handed over to the Recreative Evening Schools Association. Communications should be addressed to the honorary secretary, the Mill House, Felstead, Essex."

All musicians with a horsey tendency in their composition should go to see the Roman races at Olympia, and even those who are without that last debility of artistic minds may find something to interest them in the music discussed there by a large and excellent band far above the ordinary level of circus performances. Some of the curious fanfares for the brass, played in connection with the deer-hunt, are especially striking, and we are much mistaken if they do not derive their origin from the Halalis sounded at the death of noble stags, when the *Grand Monarque* was hunting in the forest of Vincennes.

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VOCALISTS.—Madame CARRIE BLACKWELL and Mr. HENRY YATES.  
Collection to defray expenses.

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#### ARTISTS.

Mdlle. ADELINA DINELLI.  
Mr. STEPNEY RAWSON.  
Miss RAWSON.

VOCALISTS.—Miss ELLEN M. COOPER and Mr. STEPNEY RAWSON.  
Admission, 6d. and 1d.

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Conductor, Mr. HENSCHEL.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE letter inserted in another column from a correspondent whose initials alone we have seen fit to publish, serves at least to draw the attention of musicians in this country to the fact that as yet no tangible proposal has been made for perpetuating the memory of this year of Jubilee in some form directly connected with an art which owes much to the sympathetic encouragement extended to it, both in the present and in times past, by Her Majesty and by various members of the Royal Family. For reasons which will be readily divined by at least some of our readers, we are unable to give the requested prominence to the proposal T. B. has at heart for a National School of Music under the doubtless able management of himself and his two relatives, and must dismiss this part of his letter with a word of condolence upon the excess of modesty from which he declares himself to be a sufferer. His more general remarks, however, may serve at least as an appropriate reminder that the time is fast nearing when good intentions should ripen into action. Reminder in any other sense of the word would be superfluous, for certainly no appeal is needed by the general body of English musicians, from the highest to the lowest, to stimulate their loyal feelings for a sovereign who during her fifty years' reign has given so many proofs of devotion to the cause of music; who at her own express desire made the personal acquaintance of Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Liszt, and whose cordial co-operation with the late Prince Consort in his ever-zealous labours for the advancement of art in this country is not likely to be forgotten. Any difficulties, indeed, which musicians are likely to encounter in deciding how best to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee will be traceable to the number of excellent institutions connected with music already existing, at least one of which owes its inception or

prosperity to Royal encouragement. In attempting a selection from the various methods open to our choice, be they philanthropic, artistic, or a mixture of both, it will be very desirable to branch out, if possible, in some new direction, and to avoid trenching upon ground already worthily filled. The impolicy, for instance, of perplexing the benevolent by the counter-claims of some institution which should attempt to duplicate the Royal Society of Musicians, or other recognized organization, in the good work they have carried on successfully for years, will be self-evident, while a careful consideration of not very remote experiences favours the conclusion that a proposal for yet another academy or training college would hardly be calculated (*pace* our too-retiring correspondent) to further the cause of harmony in the most harmonious of the arts.

A glance at the condition of musical life in some continental countries, and a comparison between the opportunities for artistic culture offered there and here, may perhaps assist us in the solution of the problem. In one important matter, however, that of opera, an observer will be struck by the fact that, practically, comparison is impossible, owing to the absence in our country of any institution of native growth that by a stretch of imagination could be called permanent or national; and that, with the exception of Mr. Carl Rosa's always-welcome visits for a few weeks of the season, London, the capital of a country rather fond at times of vaunting its musical superiority, is now almost wholly dependent upon the vagaries of speculative managers, and upon stray organizations as uncertain in the merit of their achievements as in their comings and goings. When seeking for an explanation of this state of things, we at once become conscious of a void in English musical life, and of an obvious means of remedying it, which, if adopted, would cause the present, in a double sense, to be regarded as a year of jubilee by all sincere music lovers in this country.

The nature of the remedy will become clearer after a consideration of one important difference between economic and artistic questions, which is sometimes overlooked. In music, as in matters of taste generally, it is necessary to insist upon the fact, that the laws of supply and demand cannot, with anything like satisfactory results, be left to their unaided operation. Where monetary profit and loss are exclusively concerned, it may or may not be desirable to give full swing to the principle of *laissez faire*. Unless, however, as will scarcely be contended, the acquisition and distribution of wealth constitute the chief aim and object of art, the question is one which political economists may be fairly left to settle among themselves. Music, for a large section of mankind, is an indispensable mental aliment; and even supposing that all incidental considerations of money, such as the profits accruing to composers, artists, teachers, publishers, and managers, could be eliminated from the question, even then no civilized community could afford to forego the refining and ennobling influences of our art. To help the masses to reap the full benefit of such influences, to gradually impregnate them with a truer perceptoin of what music really is, and what it is capable of, must always form the highest ambition of musical artists

imbued with a due sense of their responsibilities and the dignity of their calling. This, of course, can only be achieved by systematically inviting the attention of the public to such masterpieces as may for the moment be described as "*caviare to the general*," with the full assurance that the higher ideals thus presented will in due time fulfil their mission: in short, by first creating the supply, in order that the demand may follow.

We are here naturally reminded of the benefits conferred upon art in many continental countries, by the system of state subventions. The liberal assistance, however, accorded to many theatres in France and Germany, supplemented in the latter country by the sum annually bestowed by the Emperor out of the privy purse, are precedents which, we fear, no English Government, whether Whig or Tory, will be persuaded to follow. In any step, therefore, in this direction, we must look to private liberality, and surely in a country like ours where millionaires have long since ceased to be regarded as rarities, there should be little difficulty in finding a sufficient number of those favoured persons willing to combine their efforts and their capital in the furtherance of so excellent, and we will add so practical, a scheme; a nucleus for which would not be far to seek if Mr. Carl Rosa could be persuaded to cede his enterprise, or rather to still further augment his already considerable success, by making common cause with a national English opera house. A capital yielding interest sufficient for a guarantee fund of £5,000 in perpetuity, would serve to make such an establishment in a great measure independent of those early vicissitudes in the face of which many of its predecessors, commenced with excellent intentions, were forced to succumb. This, therefore, is the suggestion we throw out for a suitable form of celebration by musicians of Her Majesty's Jubilee, and we have called the project practical, because subscribers to it would be likely in the long run, to reap a golden harvest. Better still, perhaps some Mæcenas may be found, public spirited enough to provide single-handed the trumpery £100,000 required for the object, and in recognition of his services a full length statue by Boehm of the saviour of his country's opera might be placed in the principal vestibule of the new theatre, and himself appointed to the office of Intendant, accompanied with a patent of nobility, to remain with him and his heirs and successors in perpetuity.

## Correspondence.

### THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE. A PROPOSAL. TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I have been rather surprised at the continued absence in your columns of any suggestion for a permanent memorial of Her Gracious Majesty's year of Jubilee, such as would be especially identified with English music, and with the great body of English musicians, of which your valuable journal may fairly claim to be the sole independent organ. That this reticence, however, is by no means attributable to lack of zeal, has been made sufficiently clear to me when conversing upon the subject, as I have of late had frequent occasion to do, with my professional brethren, and with many influential amateurs of my acquaintance in this neighbourhood. In my opinion it may be ascribed to two causes: first, to individual

modesty, a fault for which I fear I must accept my share of blame; and secondly, to the undoubted difficulty of devising a scheme worthy alike of so important an occasion, and of the great art in which we are interested. For myself, I will merely say that in requesting your permission to break the silence, my sole desire is that whenever English musicians unite to give expression to those feelings of enthusiastic loyalty in which, as is well known, they yield precedence to none, their celebration may take a form at once representative and national. The plan to which I would draw the attention of your readers, and of the musical public generally, is one which occurred to me—was indeed as it were thrust upon me by the force of circumstances—so long ago as November last. I by no means put it forward as final. I am well aware that "in multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," and doubtless when other minds are brought to bear upon it, some slight modification of details will be found necessary.

The general body of musicians in the country are not aware of the great work which has been carried on here for now more than eighteen months, in fact, ever since the final completion of the direct line between King's Cross and the — Park Estate. In this connection it would scarcely become me to dwell upon the active part taken by myself in the promotion of the Choral and Orchestral Institute which bears that name. It is rather to the rapid growth of the establishment in question, which during the last twelve months has nearly doubled the number of its members, and above all, to the phenomenal increase of efficiency displayed by the students at their recent winter concert, that I would direct the attention of all who have the highest interests of music at heart. And now a question arises: if from such comparatively small beginnings these remarkable results have been achieved: if, even in these early days, the members of the — Park Musical Institute, after one year's teaching from myself, assisted by two of my relatives and other eminent professors in various branches of music, were enabled to produce such a performance of *The Creation* as was presented to the public on the occasion referred to, why should not this movement be further extended? Why, in short, should it not become a national movement? With the assistance of Royal patronage and of the contributions which, under such conditions, would be sure to come in from all parts of the United Kingdom, may we not reasonably expect a result such as would be likely to make this Jubilee year memorable in the annals of music? Well aware as I am of the unceasing labour that would be entailed upon myself, upon my two relatives, and upon the other professional gentlemen who would co-operate with me, I am willing and ready to waive all such considerations in deference to the high interests at stake. Although the enclosed preliminary prospectus is marked "private and confidential" the time has now arrived when I may ask the favour of your giving publicity to it, and inviting discussion upon it, in your valuable columns. I need scarcely add that an influential array of patrons, belonging to the highest ranks of the aristocracy, if not of Royalty itself, will be absolutely indispensable to the success of this scheme.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. B.

### THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—Allow me to say that I have not intended any discourtesy to Mr. Green. I meant only to point out the errors in the letter of Mr. Green, and if there was any "vinegar" in my reply I am sorry. I believe *The Musical World* will be indulgent to both sides in this division of opinion in the question of musical education. It is doubtless a question of great importance. The system of single studies is certainly spreading around and in the metropolis, and if it is wrong then the curriculum system should be shewn to be right. I am afraid that from my want of definition there is an idea that the Guildhall School limits its teaching to, or depends upon single studies, but it does not if the words "single studies" are taken to mean learning only one subject at a time. It simply says to a student "You may learn one or twenty subjects, we have no authority to bind you in your choice." It depends upon that principle for its success. That may be objected to, but upon what grounds I am at a loss to



discover. It is true, someone may say, as Mr. Green does, "That is precisely what I object to." But that is the voice of tyranny and not the voice of reason. If I have but money enough to pay for a single study why should it be refused to me? The two statements about compulsion agree in this way, one refers to the schools where a curriculum is compulsory, and the other to the Guildhall School of Music where it is not. The statement of Mr. Green that the Guildhall School is "obtaining pupils under false pretences" is palpably unsupportable. The student is plainly told that he can learn a single study in the school, and that being so where can be the "false pretences?" *The Musical Times* may say that the main object of the school is to "qualify pupils for giving pleasure to themselves or their friends in domestic circles"; but where does it get authority from to make the statement? It may be the opinion of the paper, but it is simple nonsense. The main object of the school is to teach music, leaving the responsibility for the use of the learning with the students themselves. That must be so in all schools. Mr. Green says "the professor should decide what are the elements of a musical education"; but, in that case, there may be as many differing opinions as there are professors. If Mr. Green means that the Principal of the schools must so decide we can all agree with him, but even then the rule must not be pushed to the punishment of a musical student because he is poor. The fact is that the purse decides the question, and we cannot help ourselves. It will be interesting to know to what extent the single and combined studies are pursued in the Guildhall School of Music, and I will try and send you the information.—Yours, &c.,

E. C.

## SAVOY THEATRE.

The production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new Comic Opera, *Ruddy Gore, or The Witch's Curse*, was an event of interest in the social, musical, and artistic world, who assembled in great force at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday night. Curiosity had been piqued by various devices in which discretion and silence were proved, not only by a Gilbertian train of reasoning, but by their practical success, which not even a "fourth ghost" would dispute, to be the better part of advertisement. To speak first and foremost of the musical element in the joint production is the obvious duty of a musical paper. It may conscientiously be said that Sir Arthur Sullivan has tunelessly followed Mr. Gilbert's quips and cranks "over a difficult country" with great success. What may be called the downright sincerity and absolute truthfulness of music places a composer at a great disadvantage by the side of a librettist when he has to deal with the delicate sarcasm and curious humour of the nineteenth century, which differs so greatly from the happy fun, however overflowing, or the grim satire, of an earlier age. There is some incongruity in the idea of an Orpheus starting forth as travelling companion to a Puck, an incongruity not lying in anachronism, since both are immortal, but in the wide difference of their origin, their probable incompatibility of temper, and the irregularities of their outfit, the wings of Puck giving him a most unfair advantage. Moreover, Orpheus must carry his lute, as all readers of the classics and of Shakespeare, and also singers of one of Sullivan's most beautiful songs to Shakespeare's words, will readily admit. Thus it is with single-minded music and many-sided drama, when the drama *will* take a flying leap into artificial states of existence. A patter-song is a very funny thing, but the music for it cannot come naturally. Sir Arthur Sullivan has been very happy in surmounting the difficulty, which in this case is multiplied by three, the "Patter Trio" being fitted with a good serviceable tune, which by no means approaches vulgarity. The performance of this number by Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Grossmith, and Mr. Barrington, is admirable in its liveliness and rapidity. The mock-heroic and the mock-ghastly are humorous conditions in which Sir Arthur Sullivan knows well how to work, and much of Mr. Gilbert's piece is an elaborate caricature of the once popular melo-dramatic and blood-curdling stage-play. The composer has generally thrown himself into the spirit of the thing, and has introduced some very funny passages into his music, his mastery over orchestral effects offering him a wide choice of means by which the grotesque may enter in suddenly and dispel the mists of too great seriousness. That in the "ghost scene"

he has failed to call into prominence just that one touch which should propel the listener out of the sublime into the ridiculous, is lamentably true. It may be set down to Sir Arthur Sullivan's credit as a musician, but scores against him as a dramatist, that many parts of this "ghost scene" might well be transplanted into a serious opera. Not so with the dramatic "mad scene," in which the composer this time carries off the chief honours of the joint victory. The time is past when the mad heroine of the Italian Opera can send a thrill through its case-hardened patrons; here her mantle has fallen to Mad Margaret, who, represented by Miss Jessie Bond, is well able to rouse the emotions of the most *blasé*. In a subsequent scene between Margaret and Sir Despard, the actors are irresistibly comic in their song and dance; on the other hand, the song and dance of Richard (Mr. Durward Lely), in the first act, are in a very different vein of comedy. The composer has, in the ballad, deliberately joined the jolly sailor's mean sentiments to a dashing and vigorous nautical air. The cynicism in such juxtaposition of tune and words is very funny, when once grasped. There is something to be said of the points of relief amidst all the hurly-burly—namely, of the quiet and sentimental songs and concerted pieces. Sir Arthur Sullivan is always at his happiest when treating of old England; there is almost the ring of a folksong in some of his music to *Henry VIII.*, and in parallel compositions—meaning the folksong (for want of a better word) of no other country but England. The England of about a hundred years ago cannot be quite so inspiring to a composer, but it nevertheless has drawn from him some pretty lyrics to harmless words in praise mostly of trees and flowers. "If somebody there chanced to be" (sung by Miss Leonora Braham), Hannah's ballad, "There grew a little flower," and the madrigal, "Where the buds are blossoming," can be specially commended. The performers are all very happily fitted with parts, as we have already noted in some individual cases; and of all, from Mr. Grossmith's Robin downwards, too much cannot be said in praise. The story of the libretto has been sufficiently commented on in the daily papers, and must by this time be too familiar to need repetition.

## Concerts.

## POPULAR CONCERTS.

For the third time this season Schubert's Octet in F, Op. 166, for string and wind, was the *pièce de résistance* provided at this concert with entremets and sweets all rolled into one, considering the exceptional length of this composition, which forms, indeed, a moderate-sized concert in itself. Of this the "blowers," if the German word "Bläser" may be thus translated, engaged in its performance are no doubt especially aware. That the familiarity resulting from the threefold performance of the work had, far from breeding contempt, left a vast amount of fascination in store for the *habitués* of these concerts, was conclusively proved by the crowded state of St. James's Hall. That the "feminine," but by no means "effeminate," in Schubert suits Madame Norman-Neruda to absolute perfection, is nothing new. To single out special points of excellence in the performance under this artist's leadership, and associated with such players as MM. L. Ries, Straus, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, would be supererogatory. But the exquisite pianissimo introduced towards the close of the *andante*, when Schubert, by the way, surprises his listeners by one of those unexpected *codas* in the manner of Beethoven, suggested by special inspiration of genius, should receive a word of exceptional commendation. The applause was all the more marked because held over to the end of the performance, which was continued without the objectionable break introduced on the two preceding occasions. The second important instrumental work in the programme was Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Trio in C minor, Op. 66. The pianoforte part was, in conjunction with Madame Norman-Neruda and Signor Piatti, undertaken by Miss Mathilde Wurm, a young English lady of German parentage, and pupil of Madame Clara Schumann, from whom she has, however, adopted but little of the wonderful fire, energy, and intensity of expression, which distinguishes that great artist even at her advanced period of life. The lady's technique being, however, fully equal to

the demands of this work, declared by the pianist-composer himself as "somewhat nasty to play," the *scherzo* of the feminine-Mendelssohn type was for obvious reasons the most satisfactory performance, while, proving a frequent stumbling-block to amateurs, it may have served as a useful lesson to some as to how this movement should be played for desired effect. A sacred song, entitled "At morn, at noon," by Ethel Harraden, was introduced by Mr. Santley. The rendering of Schumann's beautiful song, "Die Lotusblume," taken much too fast, lacked altogether the requisite touch of dreamy poetry both in the vocal part and accompaniment. The next song, "Ich grolle nicht," by the same composer, was sung with better effect, but to an accompaniment hammered out like a study by Liszt, by Mr. Sidney Naylor, who is an excellent accompanist in a different class of music, but obviously out of sympathy with the poetry of Robert Schumann.

For the third time this season a numerous and brilliant audience was drawn to St. James's Hall *en première ligne* no doubt by Beethoven's Septet, to which with a large section of our amateurs the *toujours perdrix* objection does not apply, although, or perhaps because, the work fails to reveal Beethoven's developed individuality. An excellent execution of this popular piece by such well-known performers as Madame Norman-Neruda, M.M. Straus, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, was a foregone conclusion. A charm of freshness was on the other hand imparted to the same programme by a selection of several less familiar works, amongst which Schubert's First Movement—allegro assai in C minor—of an unfinished String Quartet, composed in the year 1820, deserves foremost mention. It is a singular and at the same time provoking freak of genius which left such works as this composition, remarkable for beauty and originality of the first order, and that wonderful specimen of modern romanticism, the same composer's Symphony in B minor, in an unfinished state, like the torso of a classical monument of plastic art. An exemplary performance by Madame Norman-Neruda, and M.M. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, produced a visibly gratifying effect. Another welcome feature in the same evening's proceedings was Brahms's Violin Sonata, Op. 78, in G major, built as regards the opening subject, but more particularly the final movement, on the same composer's "Riegenlied," Op. 50. The performance by the above named lady, joined by her sister (in our last week's notice miscalled her daughter by a slip of the pen which we greatly regret), Fräulein Olga Neruda, of this sonata, conceived in Brahms's most tranquil, tender, and melodious vein, although not wanting in those contrasts of more powerful accents which no one knows better how to apply, was among the best ever presented to a London audience, leaving nothing obscure, but unfolding the most recondite beauties of the charming work with the clearness of the purest crystal—no small praise considering the combination of corresponding artistic qualities needed for a perfect interpretation of so highly intellectual a composition. In proof of the foregoing it is pleasurable to record enthusiastic applause and a double recall. The third instrumental piece in the scheme under review was the Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei," as adapted by Max Bruch, for violoncello with pianoforte accompaniment, the solo part being played by Signor Piatti, with that perfect purity of intonation and refinement of phrasing for which this veteran artist is celebrated. That the tokens of approbation which followed chiefly referred to the latter may be safely asserted. The desire for "some more," now fast becoming an institution at these and other concerts, was responded to by a performance of Schubert's "Ständchen" (serenade), cleverly transferred to the cello although slightly marred by a shake at the conclusion. Mr. Henry Percy was the vocalist of the evening and did well in a song by Gluck, delivered with good voice and the unaffected simplicity suited to the character of that somewhat obsolete style of composition, whereas the rendering of songs by Anton Rubinstein and Schubert lacked the needful warmth of expression.

#### THE LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Another very enjoyable entertainment was provided by the conductor, Mr. George Henschel, at the ninth concert of the above-named series, which included two recognized standard works of uncommon excellence, viz: Wagner's Prelude to *Lohengrin* and Schumann's First Symphony in B flat, along with some other pieces of interest noted in detail further on. The Prelude to *Lohengrin*

was succeeded by a new Violin Concerto in G minor (MS.) by Oliver King, whose name was introduced with most substantial credentials in the shape of no less than two prize-compositions, an Overture chosen by the Philharmonic Society in 1883, and a prize Concerto favourably remembered by those who listened to its performance at the Brinsmead Concerts, by Madame Frickenhaus. According to the rule that practice makes perfect, the success achieved by the above-named novelty should not be an object for surprise, at least as far as the technical element of the work is concerned, considering that Mr. King is the author of no less than one hundred published compositions for orchestra, organ, pianoforte, violin, church choirs, and solo voices, a statement, which, if less authoritatively given, would, looking at the year of birth (1855) of the youthful and sprightly composer, simply be received with derision, considering that such an advanced opus-number is habitually associated with wrinkles and grey hair. But the composer of such a work as the new Violin Concerto must be credited with far more than mere scholastic routine, even admitting that the first movement fails to fulfil the very high promise held out by the introduction for the orchestra, ushered in in a highly original fashion by one sustained note on the horn. This is followed by a beautiful polyphonus subject for the violin solo, but, alas, soon to collapse into the mere phraseology of elegant but more or less desultory bravura passages, devoid of any cohesion with the whole or apparent purpose beyond that of showing off the executive skill of the soloist. The beauty of the nobly conceived *Andante con moto* which followed is, on the other hand, of a thoroughly sustained although decided *tranquillo* character throughout, so that an intermediate episode in real *con moto* time, according to the designation of the movement, would have still further enhanced its charm. If, however, the composer intended to reserve this contrast for the next and final movement, he judged aright, for anything more spirited and brilliant than this *Allegro Allongarese* it would be difficult to name. The bright and dashing subjects used as the ground-work of this effective Finale being moreover, as it is affirmed, an original invention, all the more honour to the gifted composer, who must have been highly gratified not only with the reception accorded to this new work, but also in a very special degree with an execution beyond praise of his almost cruelly difficult composition, replete with the most audacious positions in the giddiest heights, double stops and harmonics of the most perilous description, which were all overcome with a masterly ease and precision although with a somewhat thin tone (for which we were informed the instrument was to a great extent responsible) by Herr E. Mahr, a young German *virtuoso*, pupil of Joseph Joachim. The scoring of the concerto is excellent throughout, with the exception of one solitary passage in the slow movement in which the accompaniment by the "wood wind" interwoven with the violin solo, although capably conceived, does not appear to attain the desired effect.

The second unmistakable masterpiece in the programme—Schumann's Symphony, No. 1, in B flat—was performed with alternate fire and delicacy as far as one single rehearsal would allow under Mr. Henschel's conductorship. It was a treat among many noteworthy features to hear how the horns (instead of the vulgar *ritardando* introduced here by many conductors) dashed lustily from the Introduction into the vivacious Allegro. The refined and graceful rendering of the lively Finale also deserves special commendation. Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to Shakespeare's *Tempest* was, even at the end of a long concert, fully appreciated by the audience, which gave a cordial welcome to the author as he appeared at the conductor's desk. Written about 1860, while Sullivan was studying in Germany, and long before *Princess Ida* or the *Mikado* were dreamt of, it shows all the freshness of youth—a charm upon which the quarter of a century passed since its composition has had no power. The genuine rich alto voice and fine declamatory style of Fräulein Schneider lent interest to a well-scored but too vaguely conceived and otherwise somewhat thankless *scena* from Max Bruch's cantata, *Achilleus*. The Continental accounts received from competent sources of the merits of this work created an anticipation of a more striking thing. At the same time it would be manifestly absurd to judge a whole cantata from a single excerpt. The above-named promising singer produced a very favourable impression and should be heard again, provided with more effective music. Mr. Oliver King and Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted their own works respectively.



## "NORDISA."

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, Jan. 27.

The first production in the provinces of a romantic opera would, in any circumstances, excite considerable attention, but when this opera is placed upon the stage under the direction of an *impresario* so famous as Mr. Carl Rosa, and when it is furthermore a first work of high importance from the pen of a native musician, it is little wonder that the audience which filled to overflowing The Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on the evening of Wednesday, the 26th inst, should comprise not only the connoisseurs of the district, but also representatives of almost all the leading journals in the country. The interest which the production has aroused owes much to national feeling, and the encouragement which Mr. Rosa has always given to native art, probably accounts for a large amount of the success which has attended his efforts in the whole.

The plot of the new work has been founded upon an old French melodrama, "La Bergère des Alpes," a piece which has been drawn upon for dramatic purposes times without number, the most noticeable instance being Mr. Boucicault's adaptation as "Pauvrette." Mr. Corder, who is his own librettist, has, of course, taken considerable liberties with the subject, and as it now stands the story runs somewhat as follows:—The Baroness Nymark, accompanied by her reputed daughter Minna, and a friend, Lieutenant Hansen, arrived during a summer tour at a village on the mountains of Western Norway, and here they are joined by Count Oscar, who, by an oath to a dying father, is bound to marry his cousin Minna. She, however, loves Hansen, while Oscar is enamoured of a young shepherdess, Nordisa. At this point arrives, wayworn and sinking, an old soldier, Andreas Brand, who has for many years been in captivity in Siberia. He, hailing in the village innkeeper, Halvor, a brother-in-law, asks after his wife and child, and learns that the former is dead. This action takes place on the last day of autumn, when, according to old usage, it is the custom, with all due solemnity, to conduct up the mountains some girl to tend the cattle during a long winter's imprisonment, and the girl chosen on this occasion is Nordisa, who is led up the mountain path by the pastor just as Brand totters out, recognizes his daughter, and falls fainting ere he can speak to her. The next scene shows Nordisa at her post in the mountain hut, where she is shortly joined by Oscar, who has scaled the mountain in the hope of saying farewell to the girl he loves. Just as he is departing, after a passionate scene, a storm breaks over the mountain, and Nordisa has barely time to drag him into the hut before an avalanche falls with terrific suddenness, and buries the hut under tons of snow and *débris*, thus entombing the occupants until such time as the spring sunshine shall relieve them. The action of the next scene is supposed to take place some months later, upon the eve of Oscar's marriage, and here arrives Nordisa to seek Minna's protection from the insults which venomous tongues heap upon her after the long confinement in the hut with Oscar. It is now discovered that Nordisa is actually the Baroness Nymark's daughter, and that Minna is the daughter of Andreas Brand. Oscar is therefore enabled to marry Nordisa, while still fulfilling his oath, while Hansen is united to Minna, and all ends happily.

Turning now to the music, we have it upon the composer's own authority, in a printed preface to the libretto, that the opera does not pretend to be a *Musik drama*, but rather a *Singspiel* such as Wagner recommended a beginner to attempt. Viewed from this standpoint the work attains a high standard, for Mr. Corder has succeeded in giving us some orchestration of a very melodious character, although scarcely presenting many strikingly original features, and in this respect it may perhaps be asserted that the overture is the most disappointing number in so far as its want of colour goes, notwithstanding that it is both graceful and flowing. In the second act, however, this is largely made up, and some new and striking effects are obtained by a large use of instrumental counterpoint, while here, as in the last act, is noticeable a distinct Bayreuthian tendency, although Mr. Corder has by no means shown himself a mere imitator. Few novel effects have been attempted, but the large use of the wind instruments, and especially of the oboes, is distinctly marked. The vocal portion of the score is full of interest, and a keynote is struck in the market chorus which opens the first act, which correctly describes the melodious flow and fullness of the choral portion. In this particular item a passage for a party of Laplanders is the most original feature, and its strangely quaint melody is one that will live in the memory of most hearers. Following this comes a Cradle Song, which is originally a Norwegian melody, but, although it secured a double encore, it is doubtful whether it was worth the transplantation, for it contains no striking element. After a dance of a novel type—also a Norwegian local characteristic—comes a pretty recitative and quartet leading up to a picturesque song for the baritone which is in itself the only item which may be looked upon as an attempt to tickle the ears of the groundlings. The accompaniment to this air is full of colour and the change from a martial rhythm to a more pathetic strain is strongly marked. The chorus which concludes this act, though strikingly pretty, is rather wanting in solemnity for the situation. The prayer and chorus opening the second act is much better, and this is followed by the

third and last introduction of acknowledged "local colour" in a quaint cattle call for Nordisa. After this the whole of the act consists in a long and passionate duet sustained entirely by Nordisa and Oscar. The opening of the third act gives Minna an opportunity for an elaborate aria which does not however present any particularly striking feature, and more strength is noticeable in the air for Lieutenant Hansen. The Wedding Chorus which next is heard is a charming little conception, and a further chorus possesses much strength while possessing no small share of melodic grace. The concerted piece next ensuing is full of variety, and the concluding chorus is of marked breadth and fullness of scoring. So far as the performers are concerned the success of the evening on the female side is undoubtedly attained by Madame Julia Gaylord, who, as Nordisa, sang with fervour and excellent judgment and whose acting was marked by that dramatic intelligence for which this lady is famous. In fact, her impersonation will rank as fully equal with that of Filina. As Minna, Madame Burns sings with that ease for which she is noted several elaborate arias, and takes her part in the concerted music with equal facility; all her numbers being rendered with undoubted delicacy and finish, and her full and flexible voice having ample opportunities of which due advantage is taken. On the sterner side, Mr. Scovel's creation of the part of Oscar stamps him as an artist of the highest rank, for throughout is noticeable a passionate fire in thorough accord with the requirements of the part, and the many difficult numbers allotted to the character are rendered in an unexceptionable style. As Hansen, Mr. Sauvage does capitally, retaining that exuberance of action which sometimes distinguishes him, and singing the part with a force and finish which secures for him the heartiest appreciation of the audience. As the old soldier, Andreas Brand, Mr. Max Eugene adds to the laurels which his impersonation of the Count de Grioux in *Manon* secured, and the picturesque song which he has in the first act obtained the most distinct encore of the evening. Miss Emma Collins as the Baroness Nymark, Mr. Aynsley Cook as the innkeeper, and Miss Kate drew as his wife add to the excellence of the *ensemble*, which the chorus did capitally. The elaborate orchestral scoring received every justice from the hands of Mr. Goossens, who conducted with remarkable judgment, and the striking success attained in this department is in no small degree due to that gentleman's artistic spirit and practical knowledge. The scenic effects are of an entirely novel character so far as opera is concerned and the magnificence of the mountain view, so cleverly painted by Mr. W. F. Robson, secured for him an irresistible call, while the avalanche scene, in itself a remarkably striking feature, created much enthusiasm. It may be added that the work was received with every manifestation of delight, and that the composer, together with Mr. Rosa and the principal artists, had to appear before the curtain at the close of each act.

The libretto, without making any great pretensions, is uncomparably superior to the general run, although there is wanting a true poetic spirit which would have avoided many awkward expressions.

## The Theatres.

First pieces are rarely accorded the attention which in many cases they deserve, a charming one-act play entitled "Barbara," which nightly precedes the performance of "The Lodgers" at the Globe Theatre being a case in point. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, for so the author is named, may be congratulated on having planned and carried out an interesting and poetical little story. There is a tinge of sadness in it throughout, and when, at the fall of the curtain, the heroine sacrifices her own interests to make her brother happy, a touching effect is produced by showing that all the other characters are quite unaware of her unselfishness. The pretty story would be spoiled by a mere summary. "Barbara" should be seen by all visitors to "The Lodgers."

Long before two o'clock last Saturday crowds were to be seen waiting outside the Savoy Theatre, anxious to secure seats for the evening's production of *Ruddygore*. The temper of some of these early birds had possibly become soured by long expectation; but whatever the cause, there was a good deal of groaning and hissing in the gallery when the author and composer came before the curtain to take their "call." Such a manifestation was sufficiently remarkable at the Savoy, where intense cordiality and appreciation are usually (as was indeed the case on Saturday, until after the first act) the order of the day. *Ruddygore* may very likely settle down into a success, but doubtless on the first night the dissatisfaction of the gallery with Mr. Gilbert's summary method of bringing the dead to life was shared by many who were too polite (or timid) to swell the chorus of sibilation.

"The Coming Clown" at the Royalty is well worth seeing for the excellent all round acting, Mr. W. Edouin infusing some touches of real pathos into the part of a pantomimist of forty years service, whose joints are growing too stiff for his wonted antics. It is strange, in this connection, to observe how slow the public, as a rule, is to appreciate the tragic aspect of ridiculous circumstances. It seems necessary apparently to laugh at a clown because a clown. He may be dying, but this makes no difference. Similarly a man may give utterance to noble and inspiring thoughts, but if he drops his h's or stammer or squint, his apothegms lose all virtue. On the other hand, a pair of conventional lovers drivelling platitudes and exchanging cheap sentiment cause women to weep without restraint, while the impression of a hospital for catarrh is conveyed to the spectator who may perchance be unmoved.

"Modern Wives," which is the latest novelty at the Royalty Theatre, is a farcical comedy, in three acts, "from the French" (as usual), by Ernest Warren. The adaptation is very well done, and the performance is thoroughly complete and telling. Mr. Lytton Sothorn, as Noel Goldring, shines with a lustre that recalls memories of his father's best days, and he has vastly improved in the important characteristic of that "repose" which, according to M. Marius in the "Great Pink Pearl," the English are supposed to lack. His study of the part, and the nice point he gives to the author's witty lines, warrant words of unusual praise. Mr. Edouin presents another of his inimitable character-sketches, and Miss Alice Atherton shows by her praiseworthy moderation and yet artistic assumption of Agatha Honeysett's part that she can be as pleasing in comedy as she is fascinating in burlesque.

Mr. Edward Compton is doing good work at the Strand Theatre with Old English Comedy. His impersonation of Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer" is a finished one, and the old-fashioned phrases and mannerisms of the period, which appear grotesque when attempted by many good modern actors, in him seem to be the natural disposition of his mind. Without dragging his words his speaking voice is agreeably distinct, a quality somewhat lacking in Mr. Percy Marshall (Hastings), whose delivery is marred by an almost fatal facility of enunciation, hardly in keeping with the part he assumes. Mrs. Compton plays Miss Hardcastle pleasantly and is specially good in the amusing scene between her and Marlow in the third act. Mr. Sydney Valentine's performance of Tony Lumpkin is a striking one, and while his interpretation of the part makes the young squire far from the fool that tradition has taught him to be, it is interesting as an original and diverting reading. If the duty of the stage is to educate as well as to amuse, Mr. Compton's efforts cannot be too highly praised, for while the flood of modern and too often worthless literature continues to increase, the chances of the old plays being read as classics can only be diminished.

A strong piece is now running at the Haymarket from the pen of Mr. Henry A. Jones. "Hard Hit" is in four acts, and, like most of the author's works, its plot is developed without the aid of a murder. The incidents are however sufficiently exciting, most of the trouble being occasioned by an act of criminal stupidity on the part of the hero. For a man, heavily in debt, recently married, and possessed of but a few thousands, to stake his whole fortune and more on the success of a race-horse, is not entering the wedded state in the most prudent fashion. Yet this is what Geoffrey Calvert (Mr. A. Dacre) does, and of course the horse loses—else there would be no drama. It is interesting to note that the horse was backed to win and place. This is doubtless meant to conciliate those in the audience who are familiar with the betting-ring; and it is further clearly brought out that the animal failed to "obtain a situation." The action turns upon the efforts of an unscrupulous adventurer (Mr. Beerbohm Tree) who has built his fortunes on a thousand pounds originally borrowed from one Bratby (Mr. Dodsworth), to compromise Calvert's wife (Miss Marion Terry). Mr. Tree plays the gentlemanly villain to perfection; always well dressed, suave, and self-contained, *more suo*; and epigrammatic, pungent, and offensive as the author has made him, he invests his part with an influence that goes far towards lending interest to the piece. Up to the present writing *Hard Hit* is drawing crowded houses.

## Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).		P.M.
Saturday Popular Concert .....	St. James's Hall	3
MONDAY, 31.		
Monday Popular Concert .....	St. James's Hall	8
TUESDAY (Feb 1).		
"Calvary" .....	St. James's Hall	7.45
WEDNESDAY, 2.		
London Ballad Concert .....	St. James's Hall	3
THURSDAY, 3.		
London Symphony Concert .....	St. James's Hall	8.30
FRIDAY, 4.		
Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's Concert .....	Princes' Hall	9

## Notes and News.

### LONDON.

Madame Albani leaves London on February 1 for Berlin, where she will sing Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and Senta in *The Flying Dutchman* in German. From Berlin she proceeds to Holland and Belgium, and will be absent from England for about two months. She will also pay a visit to Milan to see Verdi's new opera, although her engagements prevent her from being present at the first performance.

The date of that first performance, as some of our readers may be interested to know, has again been postponed, owing to a slight cold which prevents the tenor, Tamagno, from taking part in the rehearsals. At present, Sunday evening 30th inst. is fixed for the great occasion, but we should not be surprised if Tuesday, February 1 were to be the day after all.

The Council of the Bach-gesellschaft of Leipzig have unanimously elected Sir George Grove, Director of the Royal College of Music, a member of the *Aufsicht* or committee of that institution on the ground of his efforts in the cause of classical music. It is the first appointment of a foreigner on that committee that has been made.

Mr. Isidore de Lara gave his second vocal recital at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon. He was assisted by Miss Damian and Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, and, a new and agreeable adjunct, a choir of ladies. Mr. de Lara seems most effective in the French chansonnets that intersperse his programmes, "Pepita" by Tosti being a type. As usual the hall was crowded with ladies, and it may well be believed that the "request" as stated on the programme for the two favourites "Mine to day" and "All my all" was urgent and genuine.

The feast of the Conversion of St. Paul was very appropriately celebrated at St. Paul's Cathedral by a special musical service on the afternoon of the 25th inst. The anthem consisted of twenty-six numbers from Mendelssohn's oratorio *St. Paul*, given with an orchestra of professional musicians, and the Cathedral choir strengthened to a considerable extent by volunteer and professional male choristers. The massive choruses and beautiful chorales, interspersed with soli, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the large congregation assembled. It is in such circumstances that an oratorio is heard to the best advantage, and can be said to be the right thing in the right place. Dr. Stainer conducted. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* from Mr. Eaton Faning's service in C were sung with the assistance of the full choir and band in the course of the service, which by the way had been preceded by Mendelssohn's overture.

### PROVINCIAL

BIRMINGHAM, Jan. 24.—The most noteworthy musical event of the new year was the grand evening concert and opera recital from *Faust* (in costume), given at our Town Hall, on Friday last the 21st, by Her Majesty's Opera Company, under the direction of Colonel J. H. Mapleson. We have so recently chronicled the great artistic success which this company so deservedly attained at their last visit here in December, that it would almost appear superfluous to enter into fresh eulogies. The artists were heard to great advantage, and won fresh laurels for themselves. The public which assembled, although not numerically large, was certainly most enthusiastic. The only disappointment we had unfortunately to endure was caused by the absence of Mlle. Hastreiter, who was indisposed. Mlle. Nordica kindly substituted the magnificent aria, "Gli angui d'inferno," from Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, for Reichardt's "Love's request," set down for the absent artist. Since Ilma de Murska's sunny days, we have never heard this bravura air sung better. Mlle. Nordica not only possesses



a flexible, rich soprano voice of high range, but her singing is also distinguished by remarkably sympathetic refinement and expression. Mlle. Dotti sang Handel's "Angels, ever bright and fair," in true Handelian manner, her sustaining notes were pure and free from the *vibrato*. In response to a loud recall, she gave "Home, sweet home." Even the greatest *gourmet* cannot do with *toujours des perdrix*, and we wish artists would once for all abandon the trodden path and create a new sphere—the public would ultimately be the better for it. Mlle. Marie Engle sang Proch's air with variations, and showed perfect vocalization and sweetness. Madame Lablache in Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils," displayed great dramatic feeling and power, she also contributed greatly towards the success of the garden scene from *Faust*. Her impersonation of Martha, both as regards acting and singing, was characteristic and to the point. Signor Runcio was the tenor, and the audience showed their just appreciation of this artist's singing by applauding him to the echo. The good impression he created at his former appearance here was greatly enhanced by his impressive singing last Friday. In Signor Del Puente we have an excellent baritone; his genial manner, his exquisite voice and artistic singing make him at once a favourite with the public wherever he appears. He must have been highly gratified by his reception. Signor Vetta was the basso; besides singing "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and a new song called "The Buffoon," by Cliffe, for the encore, he also played and sang the Mephisto part in the garden scene. His deep and rich bass voice told well in Knight's song, reaching down to E flat. Signor Jaquinot showed his versatile talent as a solo violinist, accompanist and conductor. He was ably assisted by Signor Unia at the organ. A word of praise is due to Messrs. Harrison for the excellent management of the concert. The orchestra platform was beautifully decorated with shrubs and plants, and fully represented a garden scene.—Dr. Heaps's second classical chamber concert is announced for the 28th of this month.—Messrs. Harrison's third grand subscription concert will take place on Feb. 7. The artists on that occasion will be Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Patey, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Fanny Davies (solo pianoforte), Miss Nettie Carpenter (solo violin), M. Hollman (violinello), and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz (conductor).—Mr. Stockley's third grand orchestral concert will be given on Feb. 10, Dr. C. Villiers Stanford will on that occasion conduct his "Elegiac" Symphony.

GLASGOW, Jan. 25.—On Thursday an admirable performance of Schumann's D minor symphony was given, under Mr. Manns's direction, and Mr. Max Pauer gave a fairly satisfactory rendering of Beethoven's E flat concerto. Mr. Iver McKay, who made his first appearance at the Tuesday concert, sang Mozart's "Il mio tesoro," Verdi's "Ah si ben mio," and Beethoven's "Adelaide" with good though, in the latter case, slightly too operatic effect. At the Saturday Popular Concert the hall was again densely crowded. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was finely rendered, and good performances were given of the orchestral version of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet, of the first set of Dvorák's Slavonian Dances, and of an overture written by an aspiring Scotch musician, Mr. Hamish MacCann, recently, and perhaps even yet, a student at the Royal College of Music. The work is ambitious but shows decided talent. M. Jules Lasserre played several violinello soli with great elegance of style, and in conjunction with Madame Lasserre, an accomplished pianist, Rubinstein's Mazurka for pianoforte and violinello. Miss Thudichum sang an aria from *La Sonnambula* without creating much effect, but won the most enthusiastic applause for her dramatic rendering of "Im Herbst," by R. Franz, one of the finest of the many beautiful songs by that writer, which the singers trained in this country neglect and ignore.—Last night Herr Bernard Stavenhagen gave a Pianoforte Recital in the Queen's Rooms, and distinguished himself by his magnificent rendering of Liszt's variations on a theme by Bach, and of the same master's 13th Hungarian Rhapsody, "Campanella" Study and "Hexameron," of which, however, he played only a portion. His reading of the two Beethoven Sonatas, E minor, Op. 90, and C sharp minor, Op. 27, is open to criticism, and is likely by the pianist himself to be eventually reconsidered. Schumann's "Papillons," a work not previously heard here in the concert room, was, however, very finely played. Herr Stavenhagen was enthusiastically received. This evening, Tuesday, Goetz's lovely Symphony in F is to be performed. Mr. J. F. Dunn will play Gade's violin concerto, recently performed by the same artist at Sydenham, and Miss Thudichum will again be the vocalist.

BATH, Jan. 24.—On Saturday morning Miss Harford gave an excellent concert to a good audience. Among the vocalists, Miss Wallington and Mr. D'Arcy Ferris (who is an established favourite) gained much applause. Miss Harford's pianoforte playing and the violin playing of Mr. Louis Hervey D'Egville, were greatly appreciated. Mr. Edward Morton conducted. An operetta, *Between Two Stools*, closed an enjoyable entertainment.—Her Majesty's Opera Concert Company, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, visited Bath on Monday and produced a varied programme to an appreciative audience.—The Quartet Society gave their second concert on Tuesday evening, the performers being Messrs. Joseph Ludwig, Collins, Blagrove, Whitehouse, and Gilder; and, at the pianoforte, Miss Lucy King. The programme contained Schubert's Quintet, Op. 163, Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 16, Haydn's "Emperor," and, for solo violin, "I Palpiti," by Paganini.

## FOREIGN.

LEIPZIG.—Musical life has been tolerably quiet during the last few weeks, and the Gewandhaus Concerts have been the only events worthy of notice. The programmes of the two above-mentioned concerts contained symphonies by Brahms (in E minor) and Beethoven (in C minor), Gade's "Highland" overture, Nicolai's "Eine feste Burg" overture, Bruch's G minor Violin Concerto (played by Pablo de Sarasate), and a violoncello concerto by Haydn (played by Klengel), Beethoven's *scena*, "Ah perfido," and Lieder by Liszt, Reinecke, &c., sung by Frl. Zerbst. The second hearing of Brahms's Symphony (it was given here under the composer's direction last season) has confirmed all the opinions expressed about it at that time. Brahms's symphonies stand up as monuments among the masses of modern works in the same form, and in his latest composition he is, according to many of our foremost critics, seen at his best. At the next Gewandhaus Concert, Schumann's D minor Symphony is to be done, and Eugen D'Albert will play Brahms's Second Concerto in B flat major and Liszt's *Don Juan* Fantasia. D'Albert will also appear in the two-fold capacity of pianist and composer at the next Chamber Music Concert, where his new string quartet (Op. 8) will be performed. Miss Fanny Davies gave a piano recital here last week and was tolerably well received. Her playing has improved wonderfully during the past year, and the interesting programme announced by the lady received, on the whole, a very creditable rendering (especially some parts of Schumann's "Carnival"). Of the first performance of *Rheingold*, which took place on the 12th of the month, I must speak in my next letter. Helen Hopekirk will play Grieg's A minor Piano Concerto and shorter solos at the next Popular Symphony Concert. D'Albert plays Beethoven's "Waldstein Sonata," Schumann's Fantasia, Op. 17, and Chopin's G minor Ballade, at the Extra Concert in the Gewandhaus. The operas given during the week were: *Rheingold*, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner), *Carmen* (Bizet), *Euryanthe* (Weber), &c.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—As last week, M. Joachim was again the hero of the musical world. On Friday evening the first *séance* of his quartet from Berlin took place at the Salle Erard, and the critical audience were unanimous in their enthusiasm and in the opinion that seldom so accomplished a quartet were heard in Paris. On Sunday, at Colonne's Concert, Joachim's success was not less great, and I hear that the great violinist will play for the third time next Sunday. The *souvenir* left by this great artist will be a lasting one. Lamoureux brought forward again his favourite master, Wagner, in the shape of a long excerpt from the *Wakyrrie*, the solo part of which afforded Madame Brunet Lafleur the opportunity of achieving a great success. Next Sunday at Pasdeloup's there will be a so-called festival, in honour of Mr. Cesar Franck, a composer whose musical science is equal to his inspirations. Nothing particular at the two opera houses, except some slight changes in the interpretation of some parts.

The retirement of M. Carvalho is again hinted at in a Paris journal, and this time with the name of his successor at the Opéra Comique, who is said to be M. Paravey, of Nantes.

It is said that M. Porel intends giving Beer's *Situensee*, with Meyerbeer's music, at the Odéon.

The performance of Bizet's *Carmen* at Hamburg, under the direction of Dr. von Bülow, has been an extraordinarily successful one. The artistic and intellectual influence of the conductor stimulated the efforts of actors and orchestral players to a high degree, and the representation attained all the importance of a deep psychological study, combined with perfect artistic surroundings. Fräulein Götze was *Carmen*, and Herr Stritt, José. The stage management of Herr Bittong deserves great praise.

Von Bülow was presented on his 58th birthday with a glowing address from the musicians of the united theatres of Hamburg.

A Reuter's telegram from Berlin on Jan. 24 announces that the Emperor has appointed the historians, Professor Treitschke and Dr. Gustav Freytag, and Herr Johannes Brahms, the composer, Knights of the Order "Pour le Mérite" for Science and Arts. His Majesty has also appointed Signor Giuseppe Verdi, the composer, a foreign knight of the same order.

The *Daily News* correspondent at St. Petersburg telegraphs: Considerable sensation has been caused in all artistic circles here by the sudden resignation of the Director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, who has gone abroad. The famous pianist Rubinstein has consented to assume the directorship. The reasons for this sudden change have not been publicly announced, but there are plenty of unpleasant reports in circulation on the subject. It is generally hoped that Rubinstein will succeed in the task he has undertaken.

The Stockholm Royal Theatre, it is said, is about to close its doors, the Swedish Parliament having suppressed in the budget their annual subsidy towards that institution.

## SPECTRE-STRICKEN,

A Psychological Story

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